**Magnetic Heart**

Sonya Schneider

That was the summer I grew tired of Barbie.

When the boy down the street returned from heart surgery

and invited me to play. Barefoot at the door,

his He-Man hanging limply from one pale hand,

he led me down the hall to his room, where we read

*The Wild Things* and laughed as quietly as our bodies

could bear. He whispered about the metal mesh

left like a land mine inside him, then handed me

a horseshoe magnet—red and steel, heels

of north and south. I began to scan his chest,

the south seeking pole gathering power

till he screamed. Mercilessly, I drew

the far edge of his heart toward mine.